You're All In My Face, But Make No Mistakes by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

There's a cougar on the prowl and Billy is having absolutely none of it.

You're All In My Face, But Make No Mistakes

Author's Note:

> Alternatively titled 'Fucking Martha', sequel to Until You're Dripping. However, you do not need to read UYD to follow what's happening in this fic. There was some interest in learning more about about this "Fucking Martha", and I couldn't help myself! This ended up being as long as the initial fic, which is hilarious to me, but I had A LOT of fun writing this :D
>
> Actual title has been borrowed from Beastie Boys' Sabotage.
>
> I hope you all enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it ;)

Martha glances at the ornate golden wall clock as she takes another sip of champagne. It's almost midnight she realizes with sigh. She loathes these work functions. The only reason she's been dragged along is because Gerald hasn't worked up the courage to tell his colleagues that they're getting a divorce. She narrows her eyes as she spies him across the room in animated conversation with The Harringtons.

It had taken some rather pathetic pleading and the promise of something nice and shiny from Tiffany's the next time Gerald's in New York on business to get her to agree. At least her night isn't a complete waste of time. Steven Harrington has aged beautifully and he's been walking around like a delicious little All-American morsel. Martha snaps her fingers at a passing server who backtracks immediately with a frightened look on his face.

"Oh please," she says, rolling her eyes, "I'm not going bite. Gin martini, dry, 3 olives."

"Yes, ma'am."

Martha scoffs as the server slips away. Steven's managed to catch her gaze and she watches at as he leans into his...companion, speaking low. And well, he certainly looks out of place; between the barely buttoned top, tight blue jeans, and clunky looking boots. Martha doesn't dwell on it because they're coming toward her. She straightens up, running a hand down the front of her red dress and tucking a lock of blonde hair behind her bejeweled ear.

"Mrs. Donoghue, lovely to see you!"

"Oh *Steven*, please, call me Martha, I insist," she says, running a hand along Steven's bicep. She can't quite keep herself from giving a little squeeze. He's *really* filled out this past year. She allows her gaze to flit briefly to the front of Steven's sinfully tight slacks, because *Mary Mother of God*, but she doesn't miss the way Steven's friend's jaw twitches.

"Martha," Steve agrees, "Of course."

"Who is your...delightful friend, Steven?"

"Ah, where are my manners? Martha this is Billy. Hargrove."

Martha extends her hand and after a beat Billy takes it. She gives Billy's rough hand a firm squeeze, perhaps a bit harder than strictly necessary.

"Pleasure," Billy says in a low voice with a smile that doesn't quite meet his eyes. Martha's nails catch Billy's palm as he withdraws, but he doesn't say a thing about it.

"So, how is it you boys know each other?" she asks, running a manicured fingernail down Steven's arm. Billy looks tense, shoulders squared and gaze hyper-focused on where her body meets Steven's.

"Well, we uh, graduated together."

"I see."

"Played ball together, too," Billy adds.

"Ball?" Martha asks, a furrow in her brow. Who does Billy think he's

talking to? She's never touched a ball in her life.

Well...

"Basketball," Steven replies, "We were pretty good. I mean, Billy was the best."

"Aww," Billy says, knocking his hip against Steven's with a familiarity that sits sour on Martha's tongue, "You're just sayin' that 'cause nobody we graduated with is here to hear you say it."

"Maybe," Steven says, "But it's true. You were a good, um. Power forward," he finishes a bit awkwardly taking a sip of his drink. Speaking of which, where is her goddamn martini? Billy's face splits into an almost dangerous grin and Martha doesn't like that one bit.

"Oh, I don't know. I think I'm still a pretty good *power forward*."

Steven proceeds to choke on his champagne.

Martha's not a moron, despite what her third husband might have said about her. Billy is laying the implications on thick now and she wrinkles her nose in distaste.

"I'm sure," she replies flatly, pounding Steven on the back. Meeting Billy's eye she allows her hand to drift lower, rest at the small of Steve's back and smiles sweetly at him.

"Oh God, sorry. Wrong," Steven flaps a hand around gracelessly as the server arrives with Martha's drink, "Tube. Clumsy."

"Oh, sweet boy," Martha coos, snatching her martini off the tray, "Well!? Don't just stand there. Get this young man a water!"

Billy shoves his hands into his pockets petulantly as Steven tries to wave her off. Mr. Harrington chooses that precise moment to give his champagne class a tap before waiting for the room to settle. Martha wants to groan. Toasts are dreadfully dull. Who cares about stocks, shares, fiscal years, or *morale*? With a huff she lets her hand slip from Steven's back. And if she brushes that tight little backside in the process it certainly isn't on purpose.

Billy looks as though he might be preparing to commit a murder.

Martha smiles and nods as required as Mr. Harrington drones on until she is released from the torture with a collective cry of "Cheers!".

Steven touches her hand lightly, and then Billy's arm, "If you'll excuse me. I just need to get cleaned up," he says, gesturing to the wayward splotches of champagne that had soiled his sweater vest during his coughing fit. He passes Billy his champagne glass as he slips away leaving her with...*Him*. The silence is agonizing.

"So," Billy says finally.

"So," Martha snaps back before taking a deep breath and shrugging her shoulders, "What is it that you *do*?"

"Well, ma'am," Billy replies, smiling a bit as Martha bristles, "Right now I'm workin' at the video rental store."

"Of course you are," Martha snorts, "How quaint."

"If you say so. What about you?"

"Pardon?"

"Work," Billy says slowly, like she's stupid. Martha grinds her teeth as she gives her martini a stir.

"Work, aren't you just precious. Gerald takes care of all that."

"Of course he does," Billy echoes, taking a long pull from Steven's champagne glass. He seems to let Martha watch as swallows, throat working until there's nothing left. Ignoring the stack of coasters Billy sets Steven's empty glass on a nearby side table and uses his sleeve to wipe the moisture from his lips.

Steven chooses that exact moment to reappear at Billy's side. Martha frowns a bit when he does. He hasn't removed his damp sweater vest and he looks even worse for wear; cheeks flushed, sweat beading along his thick hairline. Billy's nostrils flare unattractively.

"Steve," Billy very nearly growls.

"Billy, I-"

"I need a minute with you. Alone."

"Ah, sure," Steven replies uncertainly, "Martha, it's been so nice seeing-"

"Now!"

"How rude," Martha scoffs under her breath as Billy all but shoves Steven out of the room and up the stairs.

Martha doesn't see either one of them again for some time. It's nearly quarter after one when she catches sight of Billy. His ridiculous blond mullet is in complete disarray and his lips look red and swollen. She's just the right side of tipsy to roll her eyes obviously as Billy sidles up beside her looking far too pleased with himself.

"Martha," Billy says casually.

"You," she snorts.

"Still enjoying the party?"

Martha gestures at the party-goers with her drink hand, her fifth martini sloshing against the sides of the glass, "This? How could I not?" She knows she's dripping with sarcasm, but she can't be bothered to correct herself. "You?" she says again, but this time it's a question.

"I'm having a fabulous time, Martha."

There it is again. Her name on his lips. It makes her uneasy.

"Really?" Martha drawls, "Well, I haven't seen you for ages. Just what have you been up to?"

"Oh, you know. This and that."

Martha frowns at his stupid, smiling face. "Well, whatever it was, you're absolutely filthy," she says, wagging a sharp red nail in the general direction of the button of his jeans. Billy's eyes follow her

finger, widen when he realizes what she's pointing at. Some sort of thick, creamy looking glob.

"Huh," he says, catching the mystery substance on one of his fingers before sucking it into his mouth. Martha barely conceals a retch of disgust as he releases his finger with a pop. He leans into her space, much too close for comfort. Just who does he think he is? His lips almost brush her ear as he whispers, just for her, "He really *is* clumsy, isn't he?"